

POPULAR TEMPERANCE

RECITATIONS

COMPOSED BY

COUNCILLOR

JOSEPH MALINS,

G.C.T.,

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH, PORTRAIT,
AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS.

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&c., &c., &c.

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COUNTY COUNCILLOR JOSEPH MALINS,

Grand Chief Templar of England.

Reprinted, by permission, from *Temperance Worker and Reciter*, October, 1890.

JOSEPH MALINS was born at Worcester, Oct. 14th, 1844, and in his early years knew what it was to suffer privation through drink, though tenderly cared for by his good mother. The family removed to Birmingham, where he had to leave school for work when nine years old. When Joseph was sixteen years old his father died, and he became an active member of St. Thomas' Temperance Society, and for years acted as literature agent for its benefit. At twenty-one years of age he completed his apprenticeship at decorative painting, and a year later succeeded to his master's business, and was doing well, when a lecture on America caused him to marry and sail for the United States, where he settled in Philadelphia, in 1866, and secured a good situation with the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Here he joined the Good Templar Order, but on his wife's health failing he returned to Birmingham, in 1868, where he again started in business. He had, however, joined the Good Templar Order in Philadelphia, and having secured authority to plant the Order in England, he, on September 8th, 1868, organized the survivors of the former Temperance society, of which he was a member, into "Columbia" Lodge, No. 1, of England—which lodge still prospers.

In 1869 he extended the Order to London, and in 1870 (with twelve local lodges, totalling 300 members), he instituted the Grand Lodge of England, and was elected Grand Chief Templar. Six months later the demands upon his time caused him to discard his neglected business, and devote his whole time to the Order. In 1871 the Grand Lodge had 83 subordinate lodges, and voted him a salary of £150, "and that no refusal on the part of Bro. Malins be entertained."

In May, 1872, he attended the R. W. G. Lodge, in America, as a representative, and in July reported to the Grand Lodge at Preston his first "Negro Question" debate in that Supreme Court. The Preston session was attended by 600 members, who, with short intervals for refreshment, sat day and night from 9 a.m. on Wednesday, till 4.30 a.m. on Friday—Mr. Malins presiding the whole time, and keeping perfect order, as he always does. He was unanimously re-elected Grand Chief Templar, and has been annually elected at twenty-one successive annual sessions. There were now 1000 lodges and an adequate salary was voted to the G. C. T., whose duties involved the receipt of and giving attention to 10,000 letters, and included 20,000 miles of travel in the year. Even now his travels average 12,000 miles, and his letters, to which he personally drafts or dictates replies, to 7,500 annually. In 1873, at Bristol, illness induced by overwork laid him up for some months, and ten years later he was invalided for a year; but his sea voyages on the business of the Order have restored his strength.

In 1873, at London, an associate offered him a purse of £350, but he requested it to be given to complete the Good Templar Lifeboat Fund—which was done. A few years later a patron of Temperance offered to settle £100 a year upon him, but he gratefully declined it as unnecessary.

In 1874, at Boston, and in 1875, at Bloomington, U.S.A., he was elected R.W.G. Counsellor—the second highest office in the Supreme International Lodge. In 1875, in London, the Grand Lodge members presented him with a purse of £100, but he at once handed it over to start a fund to clear the Grand Lodge from a debt of £5,000, which was successfully raised.

In 1876, at Louisville, Kentucky, when the split took place in the R.W.G. Lodge on the Negro question, he was made hon. secretary of the R.W.G. Lodge of the World, and served four years.

In 1880, he was chosen R.W.G. Templar at Cardiff, and presided as such at R.W.G. Lodge Sessions in the Nova Scotian and Swedish Parliament Houses; being presented with a service of plate after his retirement from that office at Stockholm, in 1884. He had in 1880 sailed for Sweden at an hour's notice, and had there instituted a Grand Lodge which in a few years' time had 1000 lodges with 50,000 members.

During the ten years of disruption, while he was defendant in the charter lawsuit of LEES *versus* MALINS, he was never known to speak unkindly of the plaintiff, and in 1886 he revisited Boston to join in arranging re-union with the Americans on a basis of equal rights. The difficulties attending re-union brought on a dangerous heart affection, but his voyage to the session of the R.W.G. Lodge in New York State in 1887 restored him. He again attended R.W.G. Lodge at Chicago, in 1889, when re-union was thoroughly consolidated.

Mr. Malins has also planted Good Templary in Wales and the Isle of Man, and by his deputies has extended it to Norway, Belgium, France, Germany, Switzerland, Portugal, Malta, Cyprus, Arabia, Malaysia, Bengal; Bombay, Madras, Ceylon, China, Japan, the West Indies, Chili, Peru, La. Plata, and Uruguay. Besides scouring every part of this kingdom, and crossing the Atlantic twenty-two times, he has in the interests of the cause repeatedly visited Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Holland, Belgium, France, Switzerland, etc., and also done work in the Mediterranean Isles. Perhaps none have travelled so widely for Temperance, or had such an experience of its cosmopolitan aspects.

Mr. Malins is a Vice-President of the United Kingdom Alliance, and of the British, Midland, and Western Temperance Leagues, and is a member of most of the other Temperance organizations. In 1883 he suggested a National Temperance Federation, which idea his Grand Lodge endorsed, and he then requested the leaders of the British Temperance League—as the oldest—to convene it. This was done, and in 1884 the Federation started with a dozen Leagues and Orders united especially for simultaneous legislation and other action—the number now being doubled, and including nearly all national and provincial Temperance bodies. In 1885, at the National Conference arranged by the Social Science Congress between the Temperance and Liquor Trade organizations, Mr. Malins' paper on "No Compensation" was so

complete and exhaustive as to prove the *vade mecum* of opposing members of parliament; a special edition—the fifth—was printed during the Compensation struggle of 1888, and it is even now circulating in our colonies by the thousand. At the Alliance deputation to Mr. Ritchie on the subject, Sir Wilfrid Lawson introduced Mr. Malins as one who had made a special study of the subject; and his address to that minister has been repeatedly reprinted as bristling with irrefutable legal rulings against the idea of a vested interest in licenses. As an hon. sec. of the National Temperance Federation, Mr. Malins organized the opposition among the denominational and other of the federated bodies in a manner which was acknowledged by a resolution of thanks moved by W. S. Caine, M.P., and seconded by the late Handel Cossham, M.P., and largely contributed to the defeat of the Compensation proposals; and he has done similar work in the shorter campaign of 1890.

Mr. Malins has written a terse History of the Temperance Movement in Ward & Lock's "Epochs of History." His history of "British Restrictive and Local Option Legislation" is a valuable pamphlet for reference, as is his record of "Sunday-Closing Legislation, and its Results." Over 100,000 monthly numbers of his "World's Temperance Reciter" were issued last year. His shorter papers on "Moderation *v.* Abstinence;" "Are Moderate Drinkers killing themselves?" "A Trade or a Crime?" "The Poor Man's Beer," &c., have been circulated by hundreds of thousands, while something near a million of his coloured diagrams of "A Barrel of Ale" and "A Hogshead of Cider," have been sold—to the advantage of the Grand Lodge which publishes, and the people who obtain them. His "Shakespearean Birthday Album" records the great Temperance events on their respective days, and each is illustrated with an appropriate quotation from Shakespeare! When at sea he has relieved the tedium of the voyage by poetical effusions, his much-recited "Factory Chimney" having been composed during a spell of *mal de mer*. To illustrate his "Sentinel of Pompeii" the publishers of the *British Workman* obtained leave of the Liverpool Corporation to engrave Poynter's noble picture, "Faithful unto Death." Mr. Malins' most extensive poem is "Professor Alcoholico," illustrated by twenty full-page drawings by Bernasconi. His spirited pieces "We'll make the foe retreat, boys;" "We resolute stand;" "The Grand Review;" "Sound the Clarion," &c., have all been sung by choirs of 5000 voices at Crystal Palace Fêtes, and all over the country. Of Mr. Malins' other writings:—his National and International Reports, articles in Temperance papers, and letters to the public press, &c.—they cannot even be named within the space at our command.

When County Councils were constituted, the Liberal and Conservative electors of the suburban constituency in which Mr. Malins resided sent him to his native city—Worcester, as the unanimously chosen County Councillor

for the largest constituency in the county, and the "foresight and clearness of expression" he has manifested in the Council have been warmly eulogized by the highest authorities.

As a speaker Mr. Malins is pointed and fluent ; his public addresses are full of sound fact and argument, characterized by great earnestness and interspersed by apt illustrations and anecdotes.

THE FACTORY CHIMNEY.*

By JOSEPH MALINS.



The busy builders' heavy task was very nearly done,
The new-built factory's window-panes were glistening in the sun ;
The only part unfinished was the chimney, great and tall,
Which towered high above the rest, and overlooked them all.

* This poem was written in 1882, printed in the *Good Templar's Watchword*, Oct. 1st, 1883, *Temperance Worker*, May, 1884, and was reproduced in several British and Foreign serials, which made it very popular as a recitation. The poem has since been illustrated by actual fact. On December 31st, 1887, a man was fixing a lightning conductor to a new factory chimney at Slatterthwaite, Yorkshire, when the tackling became inadvertently disconnected, and he was left at the top without the means of descent. It is more than probable that he had heard of the above poem, for eventually he unravelled his stocking, tied a bit of brick to the end, lowered it, and by its means pulled up a string, cord, rope, pulley, block, seat, &c., and was able to descend in safety. A full description of this will be found in *Temperance Worker*, vol. 23, page 114.

The scaffolding had, like a net, enclosed the chimney high ;
 But, piece by piece, 'twas taken down, till—clear against the sky—
 The workmen looked as small as flies the chimney top around,
 With just a pulley-block and rope to bring them to the ground ;
 And when their task was ended, and the men were lowered down,
 A busy hive where toil could thrive was added to the town.

Loud cheered the lookers-on to see the noble work complete ;
 Shook hands as men and foreman too came down upon their feet ;
 Then down they hauled the running-rope, and, as it dropped to ground,
 Their "*Hip ! Hip ! Hip ! HURRAH !*" was heard by all the country round.
 But as the echoes died away, a solitary cry
 Came faintly through the evening air ! and people wondered why ;
 A cry as from a lonely man lost in a wilderness :
 And whence it came no one could tell—that cry of dire distress :
 Till one looked up,—then looked again ; then cried, "*Oh ! neighbours—*
 STOP !
Lord save us ! See ! Look ! can it be a man left on the top ?"

"Where be my men ?" the foreman cries, "Step here, and let me see
 Who is the missing man of us—if missing man there be :
 Just nine beside myself went up to finish on that job ;
 Here's Jake and Sandy, Mike and Ben, long Dick, and Jim and Bob—
 Where's Timmy Brown ? Oh, here thee be—thou'rt always backward Tim ;
 And where is George the mason, lads ?—It surely can't be him ?
 He worked on t'other side from us,"—("Indade he did !" cried Mike—)
 "Hold on a minute while I shout—he's started home belike—
 GEORGE ! GEORGE, MY LAD ! WHERE BE THEE NOW ?" he shouted loud and
 clear. [*Here !*]
 Down from the height, 'midst waning light, a faint voice answered,

"God help the man ! God pity him !" the awe-struck people groan ;
 "A hundred yards above our reach—all helpless and alone ;
 If we could but send up to him a line of thinnest string,
 Then add a cord, and then the rope : aye, that would be the thing.
 But there is not enough of wind to raise the smallest kite."
 "And is there then no other way by which to reach the height ?"
 "Aye, we could scaffold up to him, but that would take so long ;
 And every hour must weaken him, although he is so strong.
 The chilly night is closing in, and mayhap, in its gloom,
 His heart and brain won't bear the strain : he'll fall, and meet his doom !"

"*Hist ! Here's the wife—poor George's wife !*"—and 'midst the parting crowd,
 A woman swiftly made her way, while many sobbed aloud ;
 Her eyes were bright and tearless, but her heart was beating wild
 For *him*—the husband of that heart—the father of her child.
 They told her how a slender cord might save if it could reach ;
 "But now," said they, "there is no wind." "Thank God," was all her speech.
 She waved her hand for silence ; and they breathlessly stood still,
 While she essayed to speak to him she'd loved through good and ill—
 "GEORGE ! GEORGE—MY HUSBAND ! CANST THOU HEAR ?—IT'S ME—THY
 FAITHFUL BESS." [*Yes !*]
 Down through the shroud of gathering cloud he cried, "*God bless thee—*

Cried she, "TAKE OFF THY STOCKING, GEORGE, THAT I HAVE KNIT FOR THEE!
 The people asked—"What can she mean? It's crazy she must be!"
 But when she cried, "UNRAVEL IT, AND LET THE THREAD COME DOWN!"
 A mighty cheer broke from them all, and rang throughout the town.
 "Now who will fetch some string and cord?" Away with might and main
 To house and shop men swiftly run—and panting back again;
 And in their wake come hundreds more, from road, and street, and laue;
 One feeling thrills the multitude,—one sympathetic pain.

Ah! let the cynic sneer about man's selfishness and sin;

But here's that touch of nature such as makes the whole world kin!

As up through gath'ring darkness there, the waiting crowd had gazed,
 They saw a white speck waving, and they murmured "God be praised!"
 It was the thread descending, with a something at its end—
 A bit of mortar tied to it to help it to descend.

"Lord," prayed the wife, "*the winds and waves obey Thy Sovereign will—
 Do Thou rebuke this gentle breeze: say to it, 'Peace! be still;'*"

My husband's life hangs on that thread,—in mercy save it then!"

And all around who heard that prayer cried fervently "AMEN."

And safely came the little weight, with thread of worsted blue,
 To link again the loving twain, whose hearts were tried and true.

They tie to it the slender string. "PULL GENTLY UP," they cry.
 He pulls the thread; "Twill surely break," the doubters whisper nigh;
 Up goes the thread; up goes the string, and with it many a prayer,
 Until the patient man above shouts that he has it there.

"Now tie this cord to it." They do, and soon he holds the end.

And now he lifts and loops the rope. He's ready to descend!

And tremblingly they lowered him, and when he reached the sod,
 Cried "HALLELUJAH!" "PRAISE THE LORD!" and "GLORY BE TO GOD!"

While she—the faithful heroine, who'd braved their weak alarms—

Herself grew weak; she tried to speak—but fainted in his arms.

* * * * *

And thus while keen and stalwart men thought how they might begin
 To reach their comrade, thus cut off from all his kith and kin,
 A woman's love devised a way far readier than their skill,
 And made her husband save himself, responsive to her will.
 How weak that thread, but strong the faith that made her heart so brave:
 The feeblest means, when blessed by God, how powerful to save!
 What wonder many bore a bit of worsted thread away
 To treasure as memento of that most eventful day;

And George from then wore on his breast a bow of worsted blue,
 Which, through his wife, had saved his life to serve his God anew.

* * * * *

Eventful years have passed since then, but as time rolls away,
 Such history repeats itself—it re-appears to-day.
 The Bible says the drunkard is as one alone at last,
 In peril on the swaying top of some high vessel's mast.
 But even then true Love can reach,—and rescue from the grave;
 The Ribbon Blue—divinely blest—may be the means to save;
 May bring to him the Temprance cord of Faith, Hope, Charity;
 And then the Gospel rope attached completes his liberty.

SO TO THE GOSPEL TEMPERANCE CAUSE OUR HANDS AND HEARTS WE GIVE;
 AND STAND WE TRUE! AND WEAR THE BLUE AS LONG AS WE SHALL LIVE!

SAMMY SEASONS.

A TRULY RURAL LAY.

I'LL give a little country lay—
 How Sammy Seasons went his way
 When single and when plural.
 Once lonely ; then he took a wife,
 And should have led a happy life—
 A life most truly rural.
 Samowned agarden, farm, and horse,
 Had boat and gun, and chums of
 course,
 Yet lost instead of gaining.
 Had Temperance men not set him
 right, [quite,
 He soon would have been ruined
 Through guttering and draining.

In SPRING he worked not while
 'twas day, [way,
 And blighted prospects marred his
 While, as he grovelled deeper,
 He killed the good, and culled the
 bad, [made sad,
 While wife, with withered hopes
 Soon neared the silent reaper.
 Now he's a model husbandman,
 Her harrowed feelings have began
 Regaining former fineness.
 His wild oats sown, she never grieves:
 He gathers literary leaves—
 She scatters seeds of kindness.

IN SUMMER he'd neglected stock,
 And lost the flower of his flock ;
 But with new leaf turned over,
 He, while the sun shines, makes the
 hay,—
 Is ready for a rainy day,
 And seems to live in clover.
 At times with friends on boating bent,
 They often " half-seas over " went,
 And broken sculls resulted.
 But now he is no longer daft,
 He will avoid all risky craft,
 For conscience is consulted.

Last AUTUMN, shooting with a lot
 Of comrades, he'd to " pay the shot "
 For Bass's double-barrel.
 He charged so often with his flask
 That it became no easy task
 To miss—a savage quarrel.
 Now, never primed for ill, his sight
 Is changed, he aims at doing right,
 His tempting cups forsaking.
 The ammunition now that he
 Likes best, is the gunpowder tea
 Of his dear wife's own making.

In WINTERS past, while bedding out
 Midst heavy wet, he took the gout—
 In evil habits grounded.
 He early sought the " Mountain Dew,"
 Whilst fate with thorns his path
 did strew,
 And thickest gloom surrounded.
 He hunted too, but went too fast,
 And had a heavy fall at last,
 By following drink's fashion.
 Now he with upright bearing rides,
 And looks before he leaps—besides
 He bridles every passion.

But Sammy Seasons lives to-day,
 And says he's found the better way :
 In *Spring* no storm he's sowing.
 The *Summer* comes — content he
 lives,
 He knows Who all the increase gives
 While he in grace is growing.
 The whirlwind does not on him
 sweep ;
 For as he sows, so does he reap,
 Though *Autumn* winds be blowing.
 Not even *Winter* cools his zeal—
 An inner sunshine he can feel,
 Although it may be snowing !

JOSEPH MALINS.

PROFESSOR ALCOHOLICO, THE WONDERFUL MAGICIAN.*

By JOSEPH MALINS.

“ Oh yes ! oh yes ! ” So droned the village crier,
As, with a nodding head, he rang his bell,
And, within sight of the old parish spire,
He stood, unto a gaping group to tell
How one PROFESSOR ALCOHOLICO
Unto this rural place his steps had bent,
To let the natives see his matchless show,
T' exhibit which he had the Royal Assent !

The caravan stood on the village green,
Embellished on its front with pictures grand,
Depicting many wonders to be seen
In the enchanted place ; and then, the band
Drew nearly all the people to the place
To hear its strains ; and when they gathered round,
Those who had money stepped within the space,
Excited by the novel sight and sound.

There, in the centre, the Magician stood,
Waving about a hollow crystal wand
Filled with some glittering liquid, red as blood,
Which *beaded* up and down within his hand—
“ Just like a spirit level,” masons said ;
His other hand a gilded table pressed,
While his dark eyes, sunk deep into his head,
Glanced to and fro with singular unrest.

Marvel on marvel chased each other's heels,
And rapturous applause kept equal pace ;
While many a silent figure but reveals
The blank amazement written on its face.
Some breathless sat while wonders were evolved,
Then gasping exclamations brought relief ;
And old, young, rich and poor were all resolved
That of Magicians *this* one was the chief.

Respectfully he asked a lady fair
To grace the stage with two of sterner mould ;
The Squire himself : he possibly might dare ;
And the good Pastor—might he be so bold ?
The Pastor's reverend presence well would show
That with him nothing evil was allied ;
The lady, too, would all demurs forego,
So well supported upon either side.

* The above is an abridgment of a lengthy poem published as a volume by Kempster & Co., with 20 full-page drawings by Bernasconi. Free for 1/6 from G. H. GRAHAM Maidstone.

With graceful bow, the great Magician gave
 Each of the three an overflowing glass
 Of water pure ; and they, with faces grave,
 Held forth the goblets, while he quick did pass



His crystal wand—with incantations strange—
 Above, below, around, and then within
 The limpid draught : and a mysterious change
 In sight of all the people did begin.

The first glass turned a mellow amber tone ;
 The second seemed like liquid rubies bright ;
 The third, like molten gold, in splendour shone :
 And all three gleamed with scintillating light.
 “ DRINK ! ” the Professor said, and so they did,
 And as they drank with no unwilling air,
 From top to toe the three he quickly hid,
 Each with a cone that stood behind each chair.

“ And now the transformation shall be wrought ;
 With this, my wand, I touch them one by one :—
 PRESTO ! BE CHANGED !! TRANSFORM AS QUICK AS THOUGHT !!!
 I raise the covers, and the work is DONE !
 Behold the ‘ Lady ! ’ Think you ’tis not she ?
 Oh, yes,—the very same,—though altered much ;
 The Minister and Squire are here you see,
 But oh ! how altered by this final touch ! ”

There, where the lovely maid had bowed her head,
 A form in woman's garb they still could trace ;
 But from her features innocence had fled,
 While wantonness had taken up its place.



Men blushed to see her glory in her shame,
 As she, with voice and gesture, told too well
 The sinful life which sullied woman's name,
 And made a flaunting, painted Jezebel.

And then, the portly Squire—could that be he?—
 That scarecrow figure, with its covering head,
 Whose sunken eyes peered forth so timidly,
 Whose pallid lips begged for a crust of bread?
 Yes; it is he! That once commanding form,
 Stripped of its wealth, and strength, and manliness,
 Fit but to crawl and grovel like a worm,
 A type of weakness and of dire distress.

And yet another horrid sight they see,
 And from another horrid sound they shrink ;
 The village Pastor shouts in ribald glee,
 With face inflamed by the mysterious drink.
 He twits the jade who leers into his eyes,
 And talks of wager, lottery, and race ;
 His words profane the power of God defies !
 And makes a mockery of the means of grace !

“Patrons,” said the Magician “great and small,
 The time has come for me to say ‘farewell’
 To each of you,—my volunteers and all
 (I trust to none my secrets they will tell).
 They have drunk freely of my Magic Still,
 And are transformed! a *very* wondrous sight!
 And with these evidences of my skill,
 I leave you; wishing one and all good night.”

“HOLD! STAY!” the horror-stricken people shout,
 “It cannot be that thus the marvel ends?
 Complete the work, and banish every doubt:
Reverse the change wrought in our honoured friends.
 Do only this, and endless fame attain;
 A maiden, guileless, pure, and fair, restore;
 Give yon gaunt figure health and wealth again;
 And make the third a man of God once more!”

“Ha! ha! ho! ho!” he laughed, and quick replied,
 “Did no one see these people volunteer?
 I forced them not; and when my art I tried,
 I felt no tremor, and I knew no fear.
 Here is my LICENSE; see this little roll,
 Issued by your most Christian Government;
 See, here it is,”—and he unfurled the scroll—
 “*Enacted with the Sovereign’s consent!*”

He waved his wand, and those who crowded near
 Could see arise a dull yet subtle mist,
 Which permeated all the atmosphere,
 And seemed their best endeavours to resist.
 Then to the doors the people thickly pressed,
 With senses dazed—a strange and sorry sight—
 Each for himself—none thinking of the rest—
 And homewards tottered through the murky night.

* * * *

Thus far how easy to narrate the tale,
 But neither pen nor tongue can fitly say
 How friends and relatives, with faces pale,
 Lived haunted with the terrors of that day.
 Nor how the people, brooding o’er the wrong,
 Murmured against the sordid powers that be;
 Till, louder still, their discontent found tongue,
 And cried against such licensed villainy!

* * * *

As HE who spake as never mortal spake,
 Taught truth in parables at Jordan’s side,
 So by an apologue we strive to make
 Truth clearer still through things personified.
 And we invest with human form and speech,
 A *thing* which has not either life or soul,
 That by a metaphor we here may teach
 The perils of the Alcoholic bowl.

If we would save ourselves and others too,
 We, one and all, this evil *must* uproot ;
 We *must* abstain,—no other way will do—
 DRINK is the SEED, and Drunkenness the FRUIT.
 Let us unite, and ask the Lord to bless
 The mighty work we here anew begin,
 It *can* be done, for He will grant success,
 When by our efforts we *deserve* to win !

God speed the day—we wait for it full long—
 When groping legislators will have light
 To “make it hard for people to do wrong,
 And easy for them to pursue the right !”
 THEN RIGHTEOUSNESS MAY COVER ALL THE LAND,
 AS DO THE WATERS THE SURROUNDING SEA ;
 AND HONOURED AMONG NATIONS WE SHALL STAND
 FOR ENGLAND SOBER, WILL BE ENGLAND FREE !

SOUND THE CLARION.*

SOUND the clarion ! sound the clarion ! see the foe is nigh,
 Temp'rance soldiers, hear the signal ; now to do or die !
 Raise our standard, freedom's emblem, in the heavenly light ;
 Pray we now before the conflict, “God defend the right.”

Sound the clarion ! sound the clarion ! cowards leave behind,
 Sweep we down upon the foeman like the rushing wind.
 Grapple with the powers of darkness, alcohol o'erthrow ;
 Help the Lord against the mighty, lay the tyrant low.

See the mighty hosts contending ! surely Right prevails !
 No ! the hostile legions prosper, and our courage fails.
 Hark ! above the waning conflict, widows, orphans, moan ;
 Cries are heard from men in bondage ! Lord, avenge Thine own.

Brothers, look ! behold your comrades fallen on the field,
 Girt with truth, they lackèd only Faith's impervious shield.
 All the shielded ones are scathless, fighting hand to hand,
 As arrayed in God's whole armour, undismayed they stand.

Ho ! ye sisters, ready helpers, bring the bucklers true ;
 Now equipp'd our forces rally, terrible to view.
 Sound the clarion, God of battles, in Thy strength we go,
 Following our red-cross banner, vanquishing the foe.

Shout aloud ! the foe is flying, victory is won !
 Sisters succour ye the wounded, now the strife is done ;
 Brothers, break the bondsmen's fetters, drooping spirits cheer,
 Sisters, comfort ye the widow, dry the orphan's tear.

Sound the clarion ; gather, gather, one glad song to raise,
 To the God of Israel's people be ascribed the praise.
 Hallelujah ! hallelujah ! to the great I Am,
 Honour to the Holy Spirit, glory to the Lamb !

JOSEPH MALINS.

* Music to the above by Miss Hannah Young, is published as No. 45, *Temperance Choruses*, price 1d., post free 1½d., or 25 copies 2/- 50 copies 3/9, from G. H. Graham, *Temperance Worker Office*, Maidstone.

We'll make the Foe retreat, Boys.*

Words by JOSEPH MALINS, G. C. T.

Music from *Good Templar's Watchword*, 1876.

KEY B2.

{	.s ₁		s ₁	.,s ₁	l ₁	.,s ₁		m	:	m	.,d		l ₁	.,l ₁	l ₁	.,d		f	:	-	.f		f	.,m	m	.,m	}
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		us	to-ge-th-	er	meet,		And	all	do	now	de-		voutly	svow	To		make	this	foe	re-		treat.								
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CHORUS. *ff*

{	.m		s	.,s	s	.,m		d	:	d	.,s ₁		l ₁	.,l ₁	l ₁	.,d		f	:	-	.f		m	.,m	m	.,m	}
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	We		think	not	of	a		truce,		boys,	Nor		com-	promise	with	wrong;		We		nev-	er		doubt	the			
{	.d		m	.,m	m	.,d		m	:	m	.,d		d	.,d	d	.,l ₁		d	:	-	.d		d	.,d	d	.,d	}
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		is	-	sue,	Our		faith	in	God	is	strong.		Our	faith	in	God	is	strong,	boys,	We'll						
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		never	know	de-	feat;		But	boldly	fight	for	truth	&	right,	And	make	the	foe	re-		treat.										
{		d	.,d	d	.,l ₁		d	:	-	.d		d	.,d	d	.,t ₁		t ₁	.,d	t ₁	.,d		d	.,t ₁	d	.,s ₁		s ₁	:	-	
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2 The horny-handed workmen,
 The ploughmen from the farms,
 And diggers from the gold mines
 Have come to shoulder arms.
 With us they shoulder arms, boys,
 While drums—by quakers beat—
 Shall cheer us on, till, vict'ry won,
 We see the foe retreat.—*Chorus.*

3 We know not sect or nation,
 Our field is all the world!
 On land and on the ocean
 Our flag is now unfurled.
 And now it is unfurled, boys,
 Beneath its folds we greet
 Both Indian-red and "Woolly-head"
 To make the foe retreat.—*Chorus.*

4 We know in every battle
 Some useful lives are lost;
 But though our task is mighty,
 We've counted up the cost.
 Yes, counted all the cost, boys,
 And though it will be great,
 We'll pay the bill with right good will
 To make the foe retreat.—*Chorus.*

5 For life we have enlisted,
 And free from doubt and fear
 We sight the hostile forces,
 And give a hearty cheer!
 We give a ringing cheer, boys,
 And rush with footsteps fleet
 Upon the foe, with blow on blow,
 And force him to retreat.—*Chorus.*

*Copies of this Song sent post free, 1½d. each or 6d. dozen, from G. H. GRAHAM, Maidstone.

We'll make the foe retreat, Boys.*

Words by JOSEPH MALINS, G.C.T.

Music from *Good Templar's Watchword*, 1876.

We have to fight a foe, boys, Of e - vil name and birth, One "Al - co - hol," who would enslave The

no - blest sons of earth. But now these sons of earth, boys, With us to - geth - er meet, And all do now de -

CHORUS.
vout - ly vow To make this foe re - treat. We think not of a truce, boys, Nor compromise with

wrong; We nev - er doubt the is - sue, Our faith in God is strong, Our faith in God is

strong, boys, We'll nev - er know de - feat; But bold - ly fight for truth and right, And make the foe re - treat.

2 The horny-handed workmen,
The ploughmen from the farms,
And diggers from the gold mines
Have come to shoulder arms.
With us they shoulder arms, boys,
While drums—by quakers beat—
Shall cheer us on, till, vict'ry won,
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THE RUNAWAY SLAVE.

On! crashing through the tangled thorns, away I flee!
The north star points the way to where mankind is free,—
Where man may stand, lord of the land, king of the sea!

The birds are free—hark how they sing with pleasure rife!
The beasts will leave their kind to roam free from all strife;
The stately trees bow to the breeze, and all is life.

I stay not where the noble trees may freely grow,
Nor where the ferns and berries live, and flowers blow:
On, through the land where slavery's brand scars manhood so!

HARK! What is that?—it thrills me through—that dreadful sound!
Oh! 'tis the hoarse and hungry cry of the bloodhound!
They're on my track! Shall I turn back! No,—on I bound!

On! splashing through the stagnant pool where monsters lie—
On! through the forest where I hear the wild wolf-cry—
On! through the swamp, so dark and damp—on! on, I fly!

O Justice, deal with man *as* man,—defend the right.
Let not the strong oppress the poor,—the law of might—
I grow faint, weak—I did but seek my own birthright.

In vain I strive to win with life; I cannot fly:
My trembling form sinks to the ground, with glazing eye—
I feel death's pangs—**THE BLOODHOUND'S FANGS!** O GOD! I DIE!

* * * * *

He died—and from his mangled frame his spirit stole,
Free from his earthly bonds of clay to reach its goal:
His sins forgiven—he lives in heaven, a ransomed soul!

* * * * *

Now in our own dear native land of liberty,
We find mankind as strongly bound as slave could be;
And, day by day, we work and pray to set them free.

'Tis custom, fashion, appetite; these rule our land;
These bind our fellow-countrymen both heart and hand.
Their dread control stamps body, soul, with "drunkard's" brand.

And oh! the dreadful service given by such a slave!
Oh! Christians! statesmen! rouse ye then! Help us to save
Those hurrying past,—whose pains may last beyond the grave.

The people need deliverance,—we plead their cause;
Abolish British slavery! no longer pause:
Let men sent to parliament crush license laws!

But if our rulers will not heed, or prove untrue;
If they will not give freemen's rights to me and you,—
If not—why then, **WE'LL CHANGE THE MEN! THAT'S WHAT WE'LL DO!**

JOSEPH MALINS.

THE SENTINEL OF POMPEII.

By JOSEPH MALINS.

"Pompeii was overwhelmed by an eruption of Vesuvius, accompanied by an earthquake, on the night of 24th August, 79. The principal citizens were then assembled at a theatre where public spectacles were exhibited. The ashes buried the whole city and covered the surrounding country. After a lapse of fifteen centuries a countryman, as he was turning up the ground, found a bronze figure; and this discovery led to further search, which brought numerous other objects to light, and at length the city was uncovered."—Haydu's "Dictionary of Dates."

How many a hero of the past,
Though praised by bard and sage,
Deserves less fame than one whose
name

Stands not on history's page;
But whose dread tomb—though not
revealed

Until the present age—
Tells how a hero stood to die :—
The Sentinel of Pompeii!

Strong, eighteen hundred years ago,
The Roman Empire stood,
Based on the right of men of might,
Who fought through fire and blood;
And gathered 'neath its eagle wings
The evil and the good: [free—
Black men and white, both bond and
From coast to coast, from sea to sea.

And nations, thus absorbed by Rome,
Learned in her sway to boast:
Greece, Carthage, Gaul, united all
To swell the Roman host,
And Thrace and Macedonia joined
With those once hated most—
With Afric's sons of sable hue,
And swarthy Asiatics too.

With Rome—the glorious capital—
There could no equal be;
But, where the breeze of southern seas
Fans lower Italy,
There rises Mount Vesuvius
Above the azure sea;
And just beyond its fiery flood
The fair Pompeian city stood.

And Pompeii holds festival;
In the arena gay;

The sport is strife: with human life
The gladiators play.
There savage beast must fight with
beast;

Anon—the people say— [cause
Two Christian youths will seal their
As martyrs in the lions' jaws! [1]

But in the amphitheatre,
Where thrilling trumpets sound,
Midst rivals' frowns and victors'
crowns,

My hero is not found;
Lo, at the city gate he stands—
To sentry duty bound:
A common soldier at his post,
But one of Rome's undaunted host.

There the centurion posted him,
As afternoon grew late,
To stand his ground, and still be
found,

Nor fly from foe nor fate;
Though earth should melt and sky
should fall,

To guard the city gate,—
Until the hour he knew full well,
When they should change the sentinel.

The sentry's lineage? 'Tis unknown.
His race? It matters not.
I sing his worth—His place of birth?
It matters not a jot!

Perchance from Britain he was
brought

To share Rome's bondmen's lot:
For British captives, first enslaved,
Might freedom gain for perils
braved. [2]

- (1) "An immense multitude of them (the Christians) were put to death by every kind of the most horrid torture which savage cruelty could invent."—"Cyclopaedia of Biblical Knowledge."
- (2) "The people who lived in Rome were very different from what they had been. * * * A great part of them had come to Rome as slaves, and had managed to be set free."—Creighton's "History of Rome," chap. ix.

But worshipped he Rome's heathen
gods ?

Or did he higher soar ?
I cannot tell ; but know full well
That fifteen years before,
When Paul preached Christ in
haughty Rome,
Some learned Him to adore ;
And Paul and Peter for their faith,
Had, years ago, been put to death. [3]

Scarce half the sentry's time has
passed,
When darker grows the sky ;
And dogs that roam, creep whining
home,
While feathered creatures fly
In terror o'er the plain, from where
Vesuvius towers high ;
For—bursting from its crest—Oh ! see
A darkly spreading canopy !

On come the blinding clouds of sand
Above the fertile plain ;
While bolts of fire, and boiling mire
Down on the city rain !
Aye,—on the amphitheatre,
Where for unholy gain,
Men wagered (deaf to prayer or
groan,)
On other lives—and lost their own ! [4]

The Christian converts waiting doom,
Like Paul and Silas lay,
Till earthquake shock rends dungeon
rock,
And, freed ! they—flying—pray ;
The sentry at the city gate
Points them the safest way ;
A loosened lion slinks ahead !—
A partner in the common dread. [5]

A Consul pleads for aid from slaves
Who once cringed at his board ;
A miser flies—then homeward hies
To save what he had stored.
The earthquake wrecks his house,
and he
Lies buried with his hoard !
Alone a selfish father flies ;
The mother clasps her babe and dies.

What of the faithful sentinel ?
Undaunted still is he !
There lava pours, midst thunderous
roars,
Into the boiling sea ;
Here, clouds of burning ashes fall,
And all in terror flee—
Save one, whose grave doth round
him rise :
He stands unmoved ; and standing
dies.

And still the mountain belches forth
Its dark and lurid stream,
Till human cries no more arise,
And silence reigns supreme ;
And thus the city disappeared—
Like cities in a dream ;
And generations named, with dread,
The buried " City of the Dead."

* * *

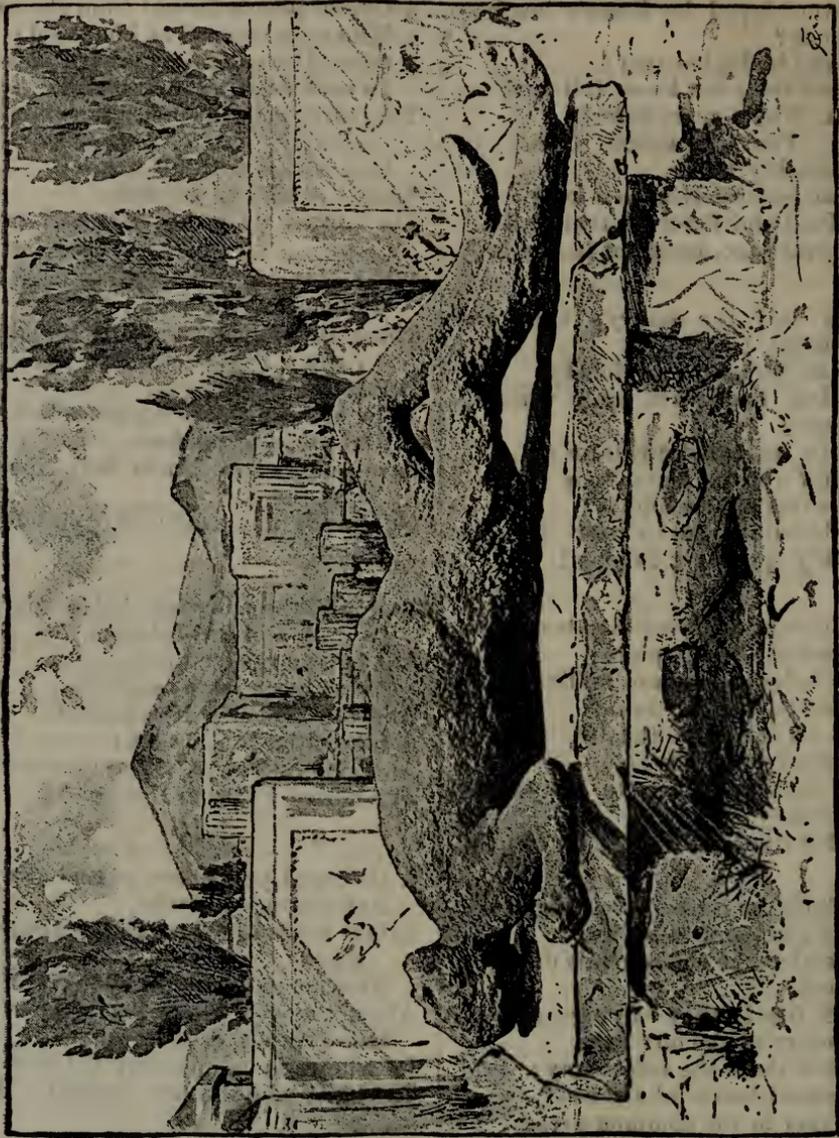
A thousand years have passed away,
And centuries beside ;
Bright fields are seen, and vineyards
green
Now flourish far and wide,
Above the spot where Pompeii
Stood stately in its pride ;
Its whereabouts unknown till now
To him who walks behind the
plough. [6]

(3) "At last he (Paul) was led out of the city to execution. As he went he is reported to have converted several of the soldiers who accompanied him."—"The Roman Empire."

(4) "Over the crushing vines,—over the desolate streets,—over the amphitheatre itself,—far and wide,—with many a mighty splash in the agitated sea,—fell that awful shower."—"The Last Days of Pompeii," book v.

(5) "Glaucus, with a shudder, perceived the lion to which he had been doomed."—*Ibid.*

(6) "Crops were reaped by men who little thought that beneath their feet were houses and temples, and the once busy market place of forgotten Pompeii."—"Pompeii," by Rev. H. G. Sprigg, M.A. (*C.E.T. Chronicle.*)



"In a recess was found a human skeleton, of which the hand still grasped a lance. It has been conjectured that this skeleton belonged to a Roman sentinel who preferred dying at his post to quitting it in the universal panic."—Cassell's "World of Adventure," page 60.

The ploughshare strikes some weighty
thing

When ploughing o'er a mound ;
With pick and spade a search is
A statue in the ground [made :
Is soon unearthed, and indicates
The buried city found !

And further search recalls the woe
Of many centuries ago.

By patient toil in later years

The city is exhumed ;
And all around the dead are found,
As when they were entombed,
While seeking to escape the fate

To which they had been doomed,
Their attitudes of mortal dread,
Still seen in the distorted dead. [8]

But what is this now brought to light?
 Midst prostrate figures, see,—
 Standing erect, his body decked
 In martial panoply,—
 A sentry at the city gate!
 Though dead yet speaketh he,
 Aye, speaks to all the human race
 Of death and duty, face to face!

Far-seeing Providence Divine!
 Short-sighted human mind
 Forgot the man, and all his clan;
 But later ages find

His upright corse a monument
 Which challenges mankind:
 In weal or woe—come good or ill—
 To nobly stand to duty still.
 Let not this voice of centuries
 Appeal to us in vain.
 Let age and youth who fight for truth
 Fight on with might and main!
 Assured if God should let them fall,
 He'll raise them up again.
 And when despair would whisper
 "Fly!"
 Stand firm, and answer "Here am I!"

British Workman.

A REMINISCENCE OF GOOD TEMPLARY.

[The following outlines the Good Templar Initiation Service as used when the Order was first introduced into England, Sept. 8th, 1868.]

How my earnest heart rebounded,
 As I paced the Templars' hall;
 Whilst the *Welcome Ode* resounded
 From the lips of great and small.
 Then, with stern determination,
 I, 'midst silence deep, profound,
 Took the *life-long* Obligation,
 And they cried, assembled round—
 "WE BEAR WITNESS TO YOUR VOW,
 REGISTERED IN HEAVEN NOW."

Prayer devout and *Praise* were
 offered,
 To the God of Peace above,
 Counsels wise were gravely proffered,
 Precepts of fraternal love!
Scripture's solemn declaration,
Nature's testimony vast,
History's tales of degradation,—
 Sad the warning of the past:
 DAILY BIDLING US BEWARE
 OF THE DRUNKARD'S FATAL SNARE.

Grasped with love by trembling
 fingers,
 Glowed my heart, bedewed my
 eyes:
 On that moment memory lingers,
 Welcomed thus among the wise.

Broken all the selfish barriers
 When I signed the honoured roll
 Of the noble band of warriors,
 Spreading fast from pole to pole:
 BOUND BY HONOUR'S SACRED LAWS,
 FAITHFUL TO OUR HOLY CAUSE.

Soon I knew by education,
 Mystic *Word* and mystic *Sign*,
 Known ere long to every nation,
 Emblems these of things divine:
 Teaching *Faith* in God above us,
Hope that we may conquer still,
Charity to those who love us—
 Aye, and those who do us ill:
 THESE IN FUTURE TO BE TRIED,
 FURTHER ARE EXEMPLIFIED.

Circled round by kind hearts glow-
 ing,
 O'er the ground my feet have trod,
 Unity of purpose showing—
Pledged in beverage of God:
Clothed and *Joined* to sister, brother,
 May the ties which bind each
 heart,
 Bound in unity together,
 Sever not till death us part:
 LINKED IN ONE FRATERNAL CHAIN,
 BLESSINGS FOLLOW IN OUR TRAIN.

AN OLD ENGLISH CUSTOM.

As I musingly walk through the populous town,
 And the cold wind doth blow as the rain patters down ;
 While the weary pedestrian doth hurriedly pass,
 And the ardent young lover walks home with his lass,—
 There's a sound of deep sorrow borne on the night air,
 And it telleth of poverty, hunger, and care ;
 But now a sound comes to the ear which is worse,
 For the feeble appeal is repelled with a curse.

But—tell me—what means all this sorrow and strife ?

“ Oh, it's only a drunkard ill-using his wife.”

'Tis day, and the sun so resplendent doth shine,
 With the brightness implanted by power divine ;
 And nature is decked in the gayest to-day,
 As she glistens beneath every luminous ray.
 But, hark ! there's a voice which doth bitterly speak,
 Then a dull hollow sound, then a woman's wild shriek !
 And again, till the sweet-scented air it doth fill,
 And the listener quails with a sickening thrill.

What means that still face, and the blood-clotted knife ?

“ Oh, it's only a drunkard who's murdered his wife !”

There's a hoarse rumbling echo of numberless feet,
 And a multitude gathers, and waits in the street,
 And they merrily shout, and the jest passes round,
 Till the church bell doth toll with an ominous sound.
 A door opens—a man with a wan, livid face,
 Steps forth on the scaffold—Old England's disgrace—
 For mercy he screams—he is launched into death ;

'Tis the voice of the law which denies him his breath ;

Why is he cut off in the prime of his life ?

“ Oh, because he was drunk, and he murder'd his wife.”

Then hurrah for the scaffold—the funeral bell !
 And hurrah for the drink, for it does its work well !
 For it gathers its harvest with sickle-like sweep,
 Though wives must be murdered, and orphans must weep.
 And hurrah for the law, which doth put in man's way
 The trap into which the unwary doth stray ;
 And hurrah for that law, which with merciless hand,
 Thus feedeth the gallows all over the land !

And hurrah for the land where such scenes are so rife,

'Tis an old English custom, this killing a wife !

But away with dissembling : I own, with deep shame,
 The blot which has tarnished my country's fair fame ;
 And I eagerly yearn for the dawn of the day
 When *legal* temptation is taken away ;
 Then law will oppress us no more with mere might,
 But will mete out to all what is honest and right ;
 Then widows and orphans no longer will plead,
 And men have true justice—for great is the need.

Then may each keep his vow at his starting in life,

To love, and to honour and cherish his wife !

A COUNTRYMAN'S STORY.

“WHEN I sined the pledge, sur, I felt very glad ;
 Though when some people heard on't they sed I'd gone mad ;
 Well, 'twas nothin' to them, sur, supposing' I had—
But I hadn't!

“When I went 'long the road, folk sed 'look at his phiz!
 We shall see some high wind take him off with a whiz,—
 It's the want of his beer makes him thin as he is,”
But it isn't!

“They all sed, in teetotal there wasn't no good ;]
 An, as people as tried had heads made o' wood ;
 An' to get me to break it they tried all they could :
But they couldn't!

An' they sed, if I didn't drink as I was bid,
 They should soon drain a glass over my coffin-lid!
 For they sed I should die ;—Do you think, sur, I did?
 NOA—I DIDN'T!

J. M.

A SCOTCHMAN'S STORY.

“AH, weel! I remember the course o' my life
 Sped smoothly alang wi' my ain dear gudewife ;
 An' when toil was ower my heart was sae fain
 To clasp in my ain arms our bonnie wee wean.
 How I lo'ed the bright peep o' my bairnie's blue e'e,
 An' the voice o' my gudewife was music tae me ;
 An' the aim o' my life was baith morn, noon, an' nicht,
 Tae dae untae a' men the thing that was richt.”

But an' ould frien' ance met me when hastenin' hame,
 Wha said “Hae a drap whisky—refusin's a shame!”
 An' that nicht my gudewife did so sorrowfu' greet
 When she hark'd at the sound o' my staggerin' feet.
 Ah! far frae my hame soon I wandered awa',
 Neglectin' the gudewife—the bairnie an' a' ;
 Till I learn'd tae dae naething but idle an' fecht ;
 An' drinkin', an' swearin', fra mornin' tae nicht.

But ye ken very weel that this thing couldna' last,
 An' I feel unco' thankfu' the bitter time's past ;
 An' the gude time has com', when, repentin' sae sair,
 I've returned tae my hame,—an' I'll leave it nae mair!
 Noo, I've said what I hope that ye'll tak' in gude part ;—
 My words are a' truthfu' an' cam' frae the heart.
 Oh, beware, lest ye fa' in my sorrowfu' plicht,
 An' gie up ye'r drinkin' frae this vera nicht!

J. M.

“DON'T TRY TO BE ODD.”

“Don't try to be odd.” Keep up with the day,
 If you can—do as other folks do.
 Jog on with the world in a smooth sort of way,
 It will be all the better for you.
 If people wear white, don't be bent upon choosing
 The contrary colour—say black;
 You can gain nothing by it, but perhaps you'll be losing
 Far more than you'll ever get back.

“Don't try to be odd,” but float on with the tide;
 With the times you can easily change;
 And remember, in plainness there may be a pride,
 Yes, pride to look singular—strange.
 You may even be proud of preaching “Be humble,”
 Or of your own “goodness” be vain;
 And often give people a reason to grumble,
 Or speak in a fault-finding strain.

“Don't try to be odd.” 'Tis a motto to learn,
 And so far, the motto is right;
 Go on with the crowd till it takes a wrong turn,
 Then stand, and resist with your might.
 True principles guard—to neglect them is treason—
 Keep the standard of truth, then, unfurled;
 And when the crowd goes against conscience or reason,
 Be ready to battle the world!

J. M.

BUY YOUR OWN CHERRIES.

(The story much abridged.)

ON pay-day John
 With “drink-chums” meet;
 Some cherries on
 The bar stood sweet.

To taste John tried;
 “Buy your own fill,”
 The hostess cried;
 Said John, “I will.”

Now John drink-free,
 Loves home and wife,
 Owns cherry tree,
 And lives good life.

J. M.

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